

# St. Anthony's Messenger.

ORGAN OF THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS

AND DEVOTED TO

THE INTERESTS OF THE HOLY FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

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(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## *St. George, Martyr.*

(April 23.)

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Soldier wert thou, yet a Soldier of Christ;  
Fearless and cheerful, from duty unmoved;  
Claimed by the many, yet clinging to One,  
And He was thy Captain, Him only thou served.  
Grand was thy fortitude; glorious thy fame,—  
Struggled thou ever 'gainst onslaught of vice,—  
Knighly and valiant, thy nobleness proved  
Like to thy love, beyond measure or price!

Patron of nations from East to the West,—  
What does it matter who names thee its own?  
Christ was thy Master, thy Captain, thy King,—  
Christ was thy Leader; thy Camp was His Throne.  
Faithful and loving, like thee may we fight  
Counting it glory to be sacrificed;  
Help us to live and to die for the right,—  
Be it our portion to suffer for Christ!

—Amadeus, O. S. F.



## The Tertiaries' Corner.

Lessons from the Lives of Saintly Tertiaries.

(Written for ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER by O. F. M.)



### Bl. Demetrius, Confessor. (April 21.)



SOLDIER'S life was the career marked out for Bl. Demetrius by his wealthy parents. Now camp-life is not conducive to good morals. The freedom and unconcern of their daily intercourse as well as other reasons tend to stunt the soldier's moral sensibilities and weaken that holy reserve, virtue's safeguard; and with the breaking down of its fences morality itself is open to serious attack and much danger. Fully aware that only "the innocent in hand and clean of heart can ascend the mountain of the Lord" (Ps. 23), and though "he be washed with snow-waters and his hands shine ever so clean, he would be plunged in filth and his garments would abhor him" (Job ix., 30), unless he called upon the Lord who "calls us all to holiness, and not to uncleanness" (I. Thess. 4), he "set the Lord always in his sight" (Ps. xv., 8), and thus kept his mind and body pure and unsullied. Far from wrecking his virtue, these many pitfalls of sin only taught him to increase his watchfulness and his fervor in prayer.

For several years Demetrius followed the standard of the noble Venetians, who united their forces with the Hungarians and Greeks to keep the Mohammedans out of civilized Europe. In the first half of the 15th century the Ottoman Turks overran the Eastern Empire and advanced as far as Belgrade on the Danube, the key to Hungary, determined to make Constantinople their own capital city. Though repeatedly driven back, they finally succeeded in overthrowing the empire and capturing Constantinople in the year 1453. While engaged in this brave calling, Demetrius felt himself irresistibly drawn to Italy, his native land, to give himself entirely to God. On his return he immediately distributed his wealth and belongings to the poor and needy, and chose a life of poverty and self-denial. This lavish kindness of Demetrius found little favor with his relatives, who left nothing undone to have him cling to his rightful holdings, realizing that his charity was their loss. It is the tempest that shows the seaman's cunning and the field that tries the captain's courage; and trials show forth a strong soul. So when their efforts proved to be vain and useless, they heaped all sorts of ridicule and reproach on him, called him a fool and an idiot, and grew demonstrative in their anger and hatred towards him; he then resolved to leave his home forever.



There is no virtue without victory over ourselves, and what costs us nothing is worth nothing. Bl. Demetrius felt the full force of this truth expressed in the words of our Lord: "He that forsaketh not all that he hath cannot by My disciple." Like a good soldier he did not abandon his post in the world until regularly relieved by the call of God, but when called he cheerfully forsook all for Christ.

Demetrius retired to a lonely hermitage near Spoleto. He exchanged the soldier's armor for the garb of St. Francis, the sword for the cross, and chose the Lord for the portion of his inheritance. Fifty years this saintly Tertiary spent in retirement and prayer, in fasting and austerities; and although he had no steady companions in his solitary home, his cheerful spirit never forsook him, and happiness and peace were traceable in every line of his saintly features.

Tried on the battlefield he soon learned that the warfare of the spirit is carried even into the loneliest retreat, and that the devil is a more determined and a shrewder enemy than the Mohammedan. Demetrius, however, rallied to the standard of Christ, who overcame the world and its prince, and under his guidance he crossed all plans of the evil one and always put him to flight.

April 21, 1490, was the happy day on which the Great Commander placed the laurel wreath of victory on the brow of this faithful soldier of the cross. His remains await the trumpet's blast in the Franciscan Church at Monte Leone in Italy.

#### REFLECTION.

The keynote of the Easter season is joy and cheerfulness. The gladsome Alleluias stir the very depths of our soul. St. Paul well expresses the Christian spirit in his letter to the Philippians when he says: "Rejoice in the Lord always; again, I say, rejoice! Let your modesty be known to all men." (Phil. iv., 4.) The sorrows of Lent are past. Though dead, our hero liveth. The shades of the grave have vanished before the brightness of the risen Savior. Sadness has yielded to joy, grief to rejoicing. Gladness and cheer speak from the fulness of man's heart in this holy season. But why not in every season? Joy in God, an ever cheerful disposition, has something of eternity in it. "Serve ye the Lord in gladness" (Ps. xcix), says the Holy Spirit. "A glad heart maketh a cheerful countenance, but by grief of mind the spirit is cast down." (Prov. xv.) And again: "A joyful mind maketh age nourishing; a sorrowful spirit drieth up the bones." (Prov. xvii.) "As a moth doeth by a garment, and a worm by the wood, so the sadness of a man consumeth the heart." (Prov. xxv.) "God loveth a cheerful giver" (2 Cor. ix), says St. Paul. His best friends, then, are his cheerful ones. Why should you fret and mourn, child of St. Francis? Why not look at

the bright side of life? Our holy Father, St. Francis, the gentle brother of the flowers and little birds, was a cheerful man, and endeavored to imbue his brethren with that same spirit of cheerfulness. He was wont to say that long-faced and gloomy brethren gave signs of a disorderly conscience and showed lack of trust in God. There is no happiness for timid souls.

Cheerfulness is a happy means of conquering the devil and his temptations, as Bl. Demetrius has done: the devil feeds on gloomy souls. Cheerfulness furnishes the best soil for the growth of goodness and virtue. It makes the heart bright and the spirit elastic. It is a companion of charity, a nurse of patience, a mother of wisdom. It is a grand moral as well as mental tonic. Spectres flee before cheerfulness like mists before the sun.

Cheerfulness is better than riches. It is an almost certain index of a happy and pure heart. Away then, dear Tertiaries, with all long-facedness and pessimism. Piety and gloom must never be companions. They mingle as less as oil and water. Do not belong to that class of men or women who convince the world that piety and virtue necessarily sound the death-knell of gladness and cheerfulness; a class that roll their eyes in holy prayer or rest their dear heads in their tiny hands, while they peep through their open fingers to gather food for their next gossip; a class that seeks to make an impression on others by keeping a guard over themselves at certain times, only to discard this cloak of hypocrisy when it has served its purpose. Many a well-meaning person has learned to dislike, or shall I say despise the Third Order, because of this deceitful conduct. They would not associate with such as these. Can you blame them? A Tertiary must daily strive to be cheerful and pleasant at home as well as away from home; and must wage an incessant war on gloominess, sadness and discouragement. And why should we be sad and downcast when we know that our kind Father in heaven loves us, and wishes to make us happy with him forever in heaven? Why not prepare for the joys of heaven by a joyful spirit on earth? Frivolous and loud conduct, boisterous talk and laughter is not cheerfulness. No, indeed! It is that evenness of temper, the sweet smile, the willing heart, the ready hand, the kindly word. We naturally shun a gloomy person, as the poet well expresses it:

“Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?  
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice  
By getting peevish?”

Who lives merrily, lives mightily, for without gladness no treasure avails. Most saints were cheerful. When visitors called to see St.



Anthony, the hermit, and asked for directions to find him, his brethren would tell them: "Go over to the monastery and look for the most cheerful one; that is Anthony." We are children of the saints, let us copy their cheerfulness. The joyfulness of the heart is the life of a man, and a never-failing treasure of holiness; and the joy of a man is length of life. May your life, dear child of St. Francis, be lengthened by cheerfulness and joy in the Lord that you may truly speak these beautiful words:

"One prayer I breathe, peaceful to live and free  
From stain of sin: then, when life's bonds are riven,  
To pass away e'en so as best may be,  
Approved on earth, accepted, found in heaven."

(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## Franciscan Saints and Blessed.

(By FR. N. R., O. F. M.)

(CONTINUED.)



THE *Friars Minor Capuchin*, so-called from their unique hood, or "Capuch," were founded by Matthew Boschi, who made his novitiate in the Observant convent of Montefiori, in the Province of the Marches. In 1525 he retired to a hermitage. A year later a number of companions joined him; and Cardinal Pucci took them under his patronage. Clement VII. confirmed their transference from the Observants to the Conventuals, and on September of that year confirmed their "Congregation." Paul III. gave them a Vicar General, subject to the Master General of the Conventuals; and Paul V. made them an independent Order (Bull, "Alias") January 28, 1619.

The only distinct divisions of the Friars now are: The Friars Minor, the Friars Minor Conventual, and the Friars Minor Capuchin.

The *Clares*, like the Friars, were not all of the same spirit of fervor, hence the unity of the Second Order suffered like that of the First. Bl. Isabelle of France, sister of King Saint Louis IX., obtained of Pope Alexander IV. in 1258 a modification of the strict poverty of the Rule of St. Clare, permitting the community of *Longchamps* to have property and revenues. Urban IV., in 1264, tried to subject all the Clares to this modified Rule. Many refused the dispensation from the poor Rule of St. Clare—and hence are called "Poor" Clares; a few accepted the dispensation offered by Pope Urban—and hence are called "Urbanist" Clares.

The *Capuchinesses* sprang from a community of Poor Clares at Naples, founded by Mother Mary "Longa" under the direction of the Capuchin Fathers.

The *Third Order*, or *Tertiaries*, though of course only *one*,\* is divided into the Third Order "Secular"—those living in the world (*seculo*), and the Third Order "Regular,"—those living in community like "Regular" Religious.

The Third Order *Secular* is the Third Order proper, established by St. Francis.

The precise date of the origin of the Third Order *Regular* cannot be easily ascertained. Denis, "the Carthusian" (1471), says that the Franciscans in Germany had him make annotations on the Tertiary Rule, to which were added, by permission of the Holy See, the essential vows of Religion. Mention is made of a community of fourteen Tertiaries in Cologne in 1264. Another such community of Tertiaries of Toulouse obtained of Pope Nicholas IV., in 1289, and of Clement V., in 1309, confirmation of their Rule. John XXII., in 1414, declared that the vows of Tertiaries were approved by the Church. Sixtus IV., in 1467, extended to Tertiaries the immunities of Religious, and in 1479 granted them participation in all the privileges of the Order of Friars Minor.

The first great promoter of the Third Order Regular of Women was Bl. Angelina of Marciano (1377—1435), who, with permission of Boniface IX., founded the monastery of St. Anne in Foligno in 1396. Under Martin V. other monasteries were founded in 1421, and united into a Congregation in 1428, and given into the care of the Observants in 1430. St. Angela Merici and twelve other Tertiaries of Brescia, Italy, in 1531 formed a society for the education of young girls. The Saint established her first community in 1535, and called her nuns "Ursulines"—out of devotion to St. Ursula. St. Charles Borromeo added vows to their Rule, and Gregory XIII. approved their Order in 1572. Their first cloistered community was founded in Paris in 1610.

The Tertiaries are now divided into various and almost innumerable families. There are in the United States alone more than 45,000 Sisters. All of them observe the Tertiary Rule of Leo X., as approved by Leo XIII. Such, in briefest outline, is the origin of the families of the Franciscan Order.

In the following list of Saints and Blessed it is interesting to note how their number increases or decreases as the Order approaches or withdraws from the ideal its Seraphic Founder put before it. The great majority of *the Saints of the First Order* is to be found in the missions, either to the heathen or the poor of Christian lands. Those whose virtues adorned the *Second Order* were members of the communities which cherished most fondly the treasure of Poverty. And, too, *the greatest of the Tertiary Saints* were those who strove most earnestly to attain the end

\*Benedict XIII., Bull "Paterna Sedis"; Leo. XIII., Bull "Misericors Dei Filius."



for which their Order was founded: to lead a Religious life in the world by sanctifying the Christian home. Poverty and simplicity are of very nature the aim of the followers of the "Poor Saint Francis." They will be more or less Franciscan, and hence more or less Saints, as they come near or fall short of this aim:

## LIST\* OF SAINTS AND BLESSED BEFORE 1415.\*\*

NAME.	DIED. FEAST.	NAME.	DIED. FEAST.
St. Francis, C.....	1226 Oct. 4	Bl. Stephen of Narbonne .....	} MM. 1243 Jun. 7
St. Berard.....	} MM. 1220 Jan. 16	Bl. Raymond of Corboneri .....	
St. Adjutus.....		Bl. Guido of Cortona, C....	1250 Jun. 12
St. Accurtius.....		Bl. Andrew of Spello, C....	1254 Jun. 3
St. Otho.....		Bl. Liberatus, C.....	1260 Oct. 30
St. Peter.....		Bl. John of Pinna, C.....	1271 Oct. 5
St. Daniel.....	} MM. 1227 Oct. 13	Bl. Christopher, C.....	1272 Oct. 31
St. Samuel.....		Bl. John of Parma, C.....	1289 Mar. 20
St. Angelus.....		Bl. Conrad of Ascoli, C....	1288 Apr. 19
St. Dominus.....		Bl. Benevenutus of Reconati, C.....	1289 May 15
St. Leo.....		Bl. Giles of Assisi, C.....	1292 Apr. 23
St. Hugolinus.....		Bl. Andrew of Segni, C.....	1302 Feb. 1
St. Nicholas of Corigliano .....		Bl. Peter of Treja, C.....	1304 Mar. 14
St. Anthony of Padua, C....	1231 Jun. 13	Bl. Raynor of Arezzo, C....	1304 Nov. 5
St. Benevenutus, B.....	1282 Mar. 22	Bl. Conrad of Offida, C....	1306 Dec. 19
St. Louis, B.....	1299 Aug. 19	Bl. Thomas of Tolentino, M.	1321 Apr. 6
Bl. John of Perugia. }	} MM. 1231 Sep. 3	Bl. Francis of Fabiano, C...	1322 May 14
Bl. Peter of Saxoferato .....		Bl. John of La Verna, C....	1322 Aug. 9
Bl. Benevenutus of Gubbio, C.....	1232 Jun. 27	Bl. Bartholomew, C.....	1330 Jun. 8
Bl. Bentivolius, C.....	1232 Apr. 6	Bl. Oderic, C.....	1331 Feb. 3
Bl. Peregrino, C.....	1233 Mar. 2	Bl. Gentil, M.....	1340 Sep. 5
Bl. Rizzorio, C.....	1235 Mar. 26	Bl. Cichus of Pisauro, C....	1350 Aug. 5
Bl. Agnellus of Pisa, C....	1236 May 7	Bl. Sanctes of Urbino, C....	1390 Aug. 14
Bl. Roger of Todì, C.....	1237 Mar. 13	Bl. Nicholas of Travileis, M.	1391 Nov. 14

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### Social Order Needed.

The great problem of mankind is to develop such a social order that all may live happily, that each may find life good for others. The discontent and unhappiness of mankind today show how far we are from that perfect social state.

\*This List contains the names of the Saints and Blessed of the Three Orders of St. Francis whose Feasts are celebrated throughout the whole Order with a Mass and Office approved by the Church. There are a great many others who enjoy a *local cultus*, and are called "Saint" or "Blessed," but who are not named in this List. (See Arturus, *Martyrologium Franciscanum*, Venetiis, 1879.) The date of the death, and the branch of the Order to which each belongs, I have taken from the *Breviarium Romano-Seraphicum*, Bol. Acta SS., Wad. Annales Minorum, De Clary's Saints and Blessed etc., "Nos Saints," par un Frere Mineur (Quebec, 1899) and Acta Ordinis Min.

\*\*The Sacred Congregation of Rites declared (Sept. 25, 1723; Dec. 11, 1723; Feb. 26, 1737) that the Saints and Blessed before 1415 should be called simply "Friars Minor."

## Pious Union in Honor ..of the.. Holy Ghost

"We earnestly desire that piety may increase and be inflamed towards the Holy Ghost to whom especially all of us owe the grace of following the paths of truth and virtue." POPE LEO XIII, *Encyclical*, May 9, 1897.

(For St. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

### A New Series of Short Instructions.

(By Rev. Fr. J. M. FINIGAN, O. S. F. C.)

#### XV. The Outpouring of the Holy Ghost.

Oh, come, Thou Father of the poor,  
Oh, come, Thou Source of all our store;  
Come, fill our hearts with love!



WE read in the Acts of the Apostles (Chap. II.) that the Holy Ghost descended at Pentecost, not only upon the Apostles of our Divine Lord, but also upon all who were with them assembled on that great and glorious occasion, to the number of about a hundred and twenty persons, men and women, including Mary, the Mother of Jesus. Thus was fulfilled the prophesy of Joel (II., 28), "and it shall come to pass after this, that I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh."

"Ascending on high," Christ our Lord entered into possession of the glory of His Kingdom, and munificently opening out the treasures of the Holy Ghost, "He gave gifts to men." (Eph. iv., 8.) "He hath poured forth this which you see and hear," exclaimed St. Peter. (Acts II., 33.) "And that in such a manner," says St. Augustine, "as had never been before, not that there had been none before, but it had not been of the same kind." Among these gifts we find mention made of: Wisdom, Knowledge, Faith, Working of Miracles, Healing of the Sick, Prophecy, Discerning of Spirits, Tongues or Gifts of Languages, Interpretation of Languages (see I. Cor. xii.). Besides these gifts, there are others, including Visions, Raptures, Ecstasy, Revelations, etc., as we find in the lives of many of the Saints. These gifts are not all bestowed upon the same person, for to one is given one or more of these graces and to another is given graces of a different kind, the Holy Ghost bestowing on whomsoever He will, "dividing to every one according as He will." (I. Cor. xii., 11.) Now these gratuitous graces are supernatural gifts given to certain members of the Church for the spiritual needs of others, their object is the benefit of others and of the whole Church. Saints and sinners can equally receive and exercise these gifts, nor are they who receive them, thereby holy and assured of eternal salvation. Christ says: "Many shall say to me in that day: 'Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in Thy Name, and cast out devils in Thy Name?' Then will I profess



unto them, I never knew you; depart from me!" (Matt. VII., 22, 23.) Let us "be zealous for the better gifts," particularly that of Sanctifying grace; for this gift unites us immediately to God by charity, whereas the gratuitous gifts do so only indirectly, by preparing the way for union with Him by Grace. Saints sought not visions and revelations, but they ardently desired the love of God, for this they lived, suffered and died. May the devotion of our readers to the Holy Ghost enable them to do the same!

N. B.—To become a member of the "Pious Union," send stamped envelope with your address thereon, to the Rev. Fr. Superior, O. M. Cap., St. Anthony's Mission, Mendocino, Cal.

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### **A Perfect Institution.**

The Catholic Church is the most perfect institution which the world has ever witnessed. She is modeled on no other society, and no other society has ever imitated her successfully. She combines in herself all that is excellent in all other institutions, without any of their defects. She is a monarchy, for she has one supreme ruler whom all must obey. She is an aristocracy, for, assisting the Pope in her government are the Bishops who form the most numerous, the most venerable, the most intelligent and the most virtuous senate upon earth. The Church is also a democracy, for every dignity, even that of the triple crown that graces the brow of her supreme ruler is within the reach of the humblest of her children. The papacy gives her unity, binding all the nations with an indissoluble bond and making Catholicism the religion of the universe. The wisdom of her Bishops secure for her the prudent administration of government that is necessary for so vast an organization. And in throwing all offices and dignities and honors open to all her children she provides for her self-propagation with ever-renewing life and perennial youth. The Church is no absolute monarchy ruling with rod of iron and owning to no superior control; her aristocracy does not consist in a privileged hereditary caste, and there is no danger that her democracy can degenerate into socialism or anarchy. Thus has she been able to rule over all nations so different in language and manners and dispositions, and this it is that has made her impregnable, while republics and kingdoms and empires have yielded to the touch of time and disappeared from the face of the earth. The finger of God is to be seen in the constitution of His Church, and only the hand of God could have preserved her amid the wreck of human institutions and governments.

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—LEARN to say pleasant things of others. Always look for the good in others, but never for their faults. Try to see the man or woman that God made, not the distorted one which sin and misfortune have made.



(For ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

## The Garment of Innocence.



HE first Sunday after Easter is often called "White Sunday" from the fact that in the early times of the Church the people who had received Baptism on Holy Saturday were given a white garment, which they wore till the following Sunday, when they laid it off amidst great ceremonies. We, too, have received this garment in holy Baptism from the priest in the name of the Church, and giving it he spoke the impressive words: "Receive this garment which mayest thou carry without stain before the judgment seat of our Lord Jesus Christ, that thou mayest have eternal life. Amen." If now the name of the Sunday reminds us of the first Christians, who were such perfect followers of Christ, it certainly must bring to our mind the happy day when we were made children of God and clothed in innocence and holiness.

Through the merits of Jesus Christ we are cleansed of all sin in holy Baptism, we are made pleasing to God and become worthy of the wedding feast, which God has prepared for those who preserve this garment. The child after it has been baptized is the dearest thing on this world; its soul, the image of God, is resplendent with glory, such as the world knows not, and should it die in its innocence, this child goes to heaven, even if it is the poorest, plainest child of the world. God does not care for the things of the world, He does not make the fine distinction we do, between rich and poor, in His eyes it matters not whether this child is dressed in the fineries of the world, or in the poorest of fabrics, so long as it is innocent, pure and holy, the kingdom of heaven and all the glories therein are the inheritance of this child, leaving the world in innocence. This alone should set us a-thinking and teach us to love and respect little children that are still innocent. We grown people pay so much attention to our garments and with certain people it is the main topic of their conversation. Our garments cover the outer man and may

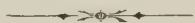


even contribute to the beauty of the body. But if this body is sick and feeble, the finest dress of the world will do it no good. And if a cripple puts on the royal robes, and parades the streets in high style, he still remains a cripple. With the garment of innocence it is quite different. It adds dignity to the soul of man, it heals his infirmities, it penetrates his innermost and makes of him a new man. In sin man is the enemy of God, but this garment makes him a son of God and an heir to heaven. This is not the case with the best and finest garments of the world. Some people foolishly think they are more than others because they are dressed better and wear finer clothes. If you are a rogue or a rascal, the fine clothes may change your outward appearance, and by your fine manners and elegant costume you may deceive the people, but you cannot deceive God. That is the big and fatal mistake so many make in our days. They hold their head high and put on airs, as though they were more than mortal beings, as though they could purchase a claim to heaven by outward show and display. But one garment counts with God, and this garment is no other than innocence, either original or restored by penance!

The finest garment of the world gets old, and in course of time will wear out; and no matter how careful you are, it will soil sooner or later. Nothing can soil the garment of innocence excepting sin, and sin cannot be committed unless by your own free will! What a wonderful gift this liberty and free will is! With a good will and determined resolution to carry this garment of innocence before the judgment seat of God, you can become an heir of heaven; but through the abuse of this free will you can also become a slave of sin, degrading yourself and voluntarily giving up your claim to heaven. How seldom do you think of this great truth? It rests with you, whether you will be happy or unhappy for all eternity. God provides so plentifully for the body of man, and all things created must serve him. But when man had fallen into sin, and heaven was closed, it was the Son of God who sacrificed himself and became man for the redemption of the slave. It is not the priest who cleanses the child from the stain of sin, but it is Jesus Christ, who in His mercy has given us the great sacrament of regeneration, holy Baptism.

We take such good care of our jewels and precious stones, we guard most scrupulously the treasures of this world. Why do we not think of the greatest treasure we have once received in holy Baptism, and preserve it from the attacks of the enemies, the spiritual thieves and burglars? See how some parents are careless and wanting in the most shameful manner in this regard. Instead of protecting the innocence of their children, do not some parents expose them to all danger? What mother would give her child poison, and desire to see it die in agony? But so many send their children to places of amusement, shows and the like,

where the child sees and hears things, that never yet as long as the world stands, have sent a single soul to heaven, but a great many to hell! How many parents through their conversation on forbidden topics have laid the foundation for an unhappy life for their own children! Our times are bad, and good parents complain bitterly how hard it is to bring up children. Now, if good parents complain, how much more reason have the renegade, wicked parents all reason to tremble and fear, who leave their children do as they please and who give them such bad example in word and deed, by cursing, swearing and using ungodly, dirty, filthy and immoral language! Would to God that I could say as a priest of the Lord, that these things do not happen among the children of the Church! It does happen and it is sending thousands to hell every day. Will you become a missionary of Christ, my friend, and save these souls by being pure yourself, and by preventing as far as you can, all language that may be harmful to the innocent children? For this Christ came into the world, for these souls He gave His precious blood, will you not see to it that it is not shed in vain, neither for you nor for others? B. B.



## The Priest.



HE life of a Catholic priest is lonely at its best, but it may be made brighter by the devotion of the congregation, or be more burdened by criticism and opposition of parishioners. Priests are human, and so are the parishioners, and it may be expected that there will be misunderstandings between them and differences of opinion concerning important things which arise from time to time to make discord in their relations to each other.

As a rule it may be doubted if the priest is sufficiently honored by the congregation. Do we laymen always stop to consider who the priest is before finding fault with his work? We should remember that one who feels a call for the priesthood must spend years at college and seminary in preparation, which includes not only acquiring the necessary learning, but in forming his character for the high calling to which he has consecrated his life. The same industry and perseverance in any other calling might have made him a man of prominence in the community. But he has set aside all worldly interest and ambition, and dedicated himself to the calling to which he believes God has chosen him. The world is closed to him by his own act. He does this because God has chosen him, and he must do God's work among his fellows. A man who does this makes sacrifices and he should be honored greatly for doing it.

In his work the priest takes the place of Christ. The seal of Christ



is set upon him in his ordination, and henceforth he will consecrate the Sacred species as Christ gave it to His Apostles; he will forgive the sins of the penitents as Christ forgave the sins of the paralytic; and he will baptize the children and consecrate marriages of members of the congregation. Should not the man who does the work of Christ be honored next to Christ?

It would be good for all of us if we would think long before criticising anyone, and think still longer before criticising our priests. If we would remember our own frailty, we would be more considerate of the frailties of others. The priest has graces which are not given to laymen, he has been educated and formed for his high calling, and is he not more careful of his own life, and more anxious to please God and advance in grace than the layman is? And does he not look from a better point of view than the layman does?

Then would it not be wiser for the layman to assist the priest in every way that the priest desires him to? Let us show our confidence in our pastor by being ready to answer all the calls he makes upon us. We might be called upon oftener if the priest were certain that we would respond. If laymen are zealous in their religion, not restive under authority, seconding by every means in their power the work of the priests, there would be no question of their being used by the priests in their work for the greater glory of God and the saving of souls.

And above all there should be no criticism of priests in the press. If a priest falls short of his high calling those in authority will take the proper action. And night and day we should pray for our priests, remembering that they are men like ourselves, having greater temptations than ourselves, and needing far more graces than we need. And when for any reason we are tempted to criticise them, let the criticism be turned into a prayer that greater graces be given them.

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### Courtesy.

Courtesy has been defined as benevolence in little things, says the *Catholic Standard and Times*. One that is truly courteous is unselfish and thoughtful. He carefully avoids hurting any one's feelings; he cheerfully keeps his own emotions in check when there is danger of conflict. He is at all times and in all places an advocate of the rights of others—a champion of the weak, the aged, the defenseless. When he is in the company of selfish bores his efforts are unappreciated, his kindness disregarded, his self-immolation unrewarded; but if he would be consistent he will avoid association which he cannot improve, and which will most certainly debase him.

(FOR ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER.)

**Plain Truths Plainly Told.**

**E** smiled a dubitable smile, reading lately an article on "professional failures" in one of our numerous magazines, published—as they claim—for the education of our countrymen, and others, just for the amusement of the readers. We aim to do a little of either—just to break the monotony of a strenuous life, and, yes, to induce "Our Boys" to read our "Plain Truths." In fact, Our Boys love to read some "funny" things—with a good lesson in it. And so

**WE READ:**

"I have noticed that when the doctors took to writing their prescriptions in Latin, it quickly became a dead language." And, again: "Some doctors could not tell what was the matter with a patient were he transparent as glass and lit up by electricity; or who could not tell whether a patient had a case of cholera morbus or was afflicted with an incurable itch for an office."

Indeed, many of Our Boys and young men are very ambitious to "get up in the world," to be prominent in society, prosperous in some promising business, conspicuous in some higher vocation. We can hardly blame them. Their own papas and mamas eagerly desire that their boys may "earn their bread and butter" a little easier than themselves; and in school they are taught and told "to aim high!" Consequently they will "jump" into some "higher profession," whether they have the ability or not, without considering circumstances and conditions. And at best their life is a failure! Instead of having made an "honest living"—as the common saying is—by means of a useful and remunerative but, perhaps, less honorary occupation, they are almost compelled to go begging for making a living. Great were their anticipations, already seeing themselves placed on the pedestal, for the world's admiration. But, lo! the tale of the so very doubtful success has turned awry. "The ages yet to be"—to speak with a great writer—"shall remember them as professional failures; fame they did seek, and instead made themselves the laughing-stock of the light-minded, the objects of pity of the more conservative; posterity will scoop together their pathetic dust and plant it in some romantic spot, where the shadow of quivering aspen falls and the bullfrog's melancholy croak makes life not worth the living."

Of course, "the ear craves melody, the eye beauty, the brain dominion, while the soul mounts to the stars,"—all beautiful poetry. But life is too prosaic, and the better Our Boys comprehend and understand



this, and be governed by this life's truth and fact, the less they get into danger to make a failure of their life.

Behold the broad smile on dear mama's face when she sees her "*Genius-Stricken Olive-Branch*" leaving home to enter the college, both building "castles in the air." Lawyers, doctors, physicians and surgeons, dentists and specialists, clerks, bookkeepers, typewriters and short-hand writers, and all kind of professionals are ground out in our colleges by the hundreds and thousands—and a great number of those already graduated and struggling for employment to make a living, are hardly able to make ends meet; they have—as a Western editor put it, sarcastically—"nothing in their pockets but an elegant assortment of holes." True it is that "there's always room at the top;" but it's a long, hard climb, and the road is thickly strewn with wrecks. . . . In professional, as in commercial life, tact outstrips talent. "So very many of Our Boys exhibit a great deal of 'pluck;'" but we fear that a greater number are, to their own loss and detriment, imbued with

#### TOO MUCH GALL.

Speaking here of gall, we may not consult so much the etymology as found in Webster's dictionary, but as it has developed in the slang vernacular of modern language of the present time of progressiveness.

Any boy who with grit and wit and brain is plucky enough to engage in some lucrative work and remunerative employment, who with ambition, circumspection, and determination firm and final, to make his task of life a success, we cannot but admire, he deserves every encouragement. Such a plucky boy we love, and the enterprising business-man will look for and employ him for his own interest, while the plucky boy will be by no means a loser; he will be a reliable worker, a useful citizen, a respectable man, a credit to himself, his family and to the community. All honor and praise for this plucky boy, no matter how humble his position, no matter how sacrificing his employment. Such plucky boys we need; we must have them; they are the banner-bearers in the world's grand procession unto prosperity! Come, my dear plucky boys, come, let us shake hands—and, please, just listen to another

#### GOOD ADVICE!

Agriculture has ever been considered a noble occupation; the greatest men in history were agriculturists, or let us call them by their honorable title, although a little old-fashioned,—farmers; the greatest generals, heroes on the bloody battle-fields, were tillers of the soil, were farmers. When their country in peril called on their service, they knew their duty, left the plough. "When the brazen-mouthed cannon would borrow the music of heaven to sound the funeral march of tyranny—of triumphal

march of victory and liberty," those farmers were in the lead of the march. And after battles gloriously and victoriously fought, the brave in arms changed the sword and gun for plough and team-work, to live a freeman in the peace of the country. Indeed, the farmer is still a freeman, and it is only in the country man can feel that he is really free and independent; the farmer is his own boss, his farm his kingdom;—elsewhere the proudest, the merchants, the professionals, the employers as well as employes, factory hands above all, are but slaves!

Thousands of acres of fertile land are lying idle, awaiting only the strong arm of willing and plucky men, to patch up the "elegant assortment of holes in the pockets of the scanty wage-earners and professionals in our crowded, over-crowded cities. There is a great demand for hired help on our farms; farmers offering good, high wages, besides satisfying the inner man and his healthy appetite, stimulated by the fresh and healthy country air, with pretty fine and substantial meals; indeed, by far better than in most of our city families! Thousands of bushels of corn in our rich corn belts are yet unshucked in the fields—as late as in the month of February—simply for the want of help; and this in spite of the profitable inducement and the liberal offer on the part of the farmers! So many youngsters, more obstinate than a meerschaum pipe in taking colors, rush into professional life instead of the cornfield; they remain in the city rather than go to the "hayseeds;" they stick to their profession, where they are as useful as a wooden watch. While the hayseeds—but never mind, they are all right!—enjoy three square meals a day, besides hugging with a smiling face a good-sized bank account to their credit, the professionals, so-called, suck desperately at the bottle of their self-made and all kinds of ache-causing gall, patented or copyrighted by their foolish pride!

Undoubtedly we have touched a galled horse upon the back, perhaps more than hundreds and thousands throughout our over-crowded cities; but our dear readers, and particularly our boys may rest assured, we meant it all well; and we can only hope to help solving the vital question of the help and hire-crying farmers for the noble and lucrative farm-work!

You boys of pluck read and take to heart the poet's words on "Work and Industry:"

Get leave to work  
In this world, it is the best you can get at all.  
Men say: Crowns for foreheads; God says: sweat!  
Thus God in cursing gives us better gifts  
Than men in benediction."—

What we have now said of the plucky boys may suffice to give them some wholesome points, wholesome, indeed, for their soul and body, for



their temporal and eternal welfare, for time and eternity! It remains now to say a little more for the boys of gall, or too much gall, who really deserve our pity and sympathy. We certainly excuse them, since they act silly without malice, foolish without any bad intention. Let the sad experience of others be a warning for them, may it teach them a lesson not to mistake pluck for gall! Thus we shall dwell in our next issue on gall and failures in consequence of too much gall of so many, and we may rightfully say, of too many boys and young men. With all due respect for one and all professions—in order “not to slip on our own banana peel”—we simply wish to “bank the fire of youth, imbued with too much gall, with the ashes of experience.”

Even the poet under the heavy pressure of weighty truth and circumstances can become so very prosaic when expressing the fact that on earth there is no more pitiable person than:

“The bookfull blockhead, ignorantly read,  
With loads of learned lumber in his head.”



## The Spanish Pioneers on the Pacific Coast.



R. LUMMIS, editor of “*Out West*,” is a New Englander and a Protestant, but he has lived a long time in the West and forgotten much of the prejudice against the Catholic Church, which was so rife and so contagious in this part of the country a generation or two ago. In a special issue of his magazine, he said recently, writing of the work of California’s pioneers, the Spanish friars:

### SPAIN AS A COLONIZER.

“Spain was the best colonizer in history—both in the business and humanitarian point of view. Instead of armies, it sent a few priests to convert the natives to the kind of God that we believe in, from the kind that they believed in; and to establish Spanish settlements as homesteads against any claim-jumping by the Russians. They sent perhaps the best business man that was ever in California—a barefoot enthusiast who was crank enough to walk from Vera Cruz to Mexico, from Mexico to Lower California, from Lower California to where San Francisco now is, and back and forth several times, and to believe that the heathen were entitled to a square deal, and that the immortal soul of a man was the first concern; but two-fisted enough to lead men who had never been led before, to beat the politicians to a frazzle (and there were plenty of them, both civil and military), and to convince the Central Government that he was right and all the officials wrong; and to keep the soldiers off the

Indians, and the Indians off the soldiers; and to build a chain of monumental architecture which is the finest thing in California today, and to make, by his handicapped efforts, such a unified settlement as has no parallel on any other frontier in the history of the United States.

• FRANCISCAN FORESIGHT.

“Los Angeles might be somewhere, but would not be where it is, if it had not been for this same two-fisted quality of the Franciscan pioneers. If they had a good deal of Peter the Hermit for inflaming gross multitudes with the clear fire of the Crusades, they were as good judges of land and water, wood and all the other essentials, as any civil engineers that ever stepped on California soil. They never made a mistake; and to this day the choicest garden-spots of the Garden State are those selected a century and a half ago by these two-sided missionaries. The same quality which led them to establish the first industrial schools in the United States, and enabled them within a generation to turn out, from naked savages, more harness-makers, masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, shoe-makers, soap-makers, wagon-makers, tanners and other tradesmen, than all the industrial schools of California are turning out now from civilized material; the same quality through which, without the army of contractors, without material or skilled labor, they built edifices which are revelations to modern architects (and the source of thousands of our houses, of which most are mere caricatures upon a noble style)—this quality, which was no rarer genius than skilled common sense, stood by them when they picked sites for settlement.”

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**Speak to the Savior.**

Troubled, anxious soul, needing direction, looking vainly about you, too timid or unwilling to seek counsel, through fear of not being understood or not heeded, poor soul feeling yourself in the midst of circumstances which seem to encompass you like an iron circle gradually narrowing and stifling your forces! Perhaps it is a matter on which your temporal future depends, and particularly the future of your loved ones—a calumny adroitly fabricated, under the weight of which you feel yourself crushed—a religious vocation thwarted by obstacles humanly insurmountable—an impending humiliation which threatens to blight your life. Whatever it may be, go you also to Jesus on the altar. And taking your soul in your hands, so to speak, present it to Jesus, as you would present a suffering little one to the physician, and say to Him: “Master, what do You wish it to do?” And work confidently in peaceful silence. If the day goes by without bringing you light, return tomorrow, and tomorrow again.






# For Our Young Folks



## Trust in Prayer.

(Written for ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER by B.)

### CHAPTER X.—A REVELATION.



HE rain was descending in torrents next day, when Estelle came softly to Edith's couch. Regardless of the weather, she was sleeping peacefully, a smile of ineffable happiness illumining her sweet face. "Well, I'm sure, I don't mind the rain a bit," murmured Estelle, moving quietly to the improvised kitchen. "They can't take the invalids away in this weather, and that gives us one more good day with our Edith. I suppose Reginald is chanting all the psalms of thanksgiving he can recall and composing new ones. He was so blue at the prospect of the change. Say, Reggie," as that young man hove in sight, his face radiant with smiles, "were you praying for rain all night that we have this unexpected downpour?"

"Certainly, and you see how efficacious my prayers are," he answered.

Just then Aunt Chloe appeared, and supported by her two willing aides, soon had the daintiest of morning meals prepared for her patients.

"Oh, Estelle," exclaimed Edith, "just listen to that terrible rain; no moving today, and papa will be so disappointed."

"And you, Edith?"

"Well, if it were not for papa's impatience, I would be very happy here; it is so quiet and homelike, and you and Reginald, with all your indulgent kindness, are spoiling me outright."

"You're a dear, Edith, to set store on our poor efforts for your comforts," said Estelle.

It required quite a good deal of persuasion to reconcile Mr. La Roche to the situation; gradually, however, he became more cheerful and tried to submit resignedly to the inevitable. Dusky Ulysses Grant, who was expected to reflect great credit on the redoubtable chief, was in constant demand this morning on account of the bad weather; he was ordered to take this and get that, go there and stay here.

"What's the matter with that pickaninny, what's he got on his mind? I'd like to know. It looks as if the sight of Edith especially, and Reginald, gives him the shivers, and as to going near Mr. La Roche, why horses couldn't pull him there," remarked Estelle, laughing. "I see he watches us out of the one corner of his eye as if we were both dangerous. What harm a poor sick young lady like Miss Edith could work him is a mystery to me."

"Hello, here Nehemiah, Habacuc or—I forget your name," Reginald called out.

"Want me, sah?" the lad asked, backing to the door. "I'se called Licorice Grant, sah."

"So, I recollect now, you're a protege of the illustrious General, eh?"

"No, sah; I's only Lincoln Licorice Grant, I is," pouted the little darky.

"Better still—a double hero! Come here, and tell us if there are any hares or squirrels or live things in the woods over yonder."

"Lots, sah, if you knows whar to find 'em."

"That's philosophical now, isn't it? But you must come with me when the rain stops and help me shoot them."

"I's a-feered a shootin', might get hit, mistah, and I's got to help mom. She often gets them rheumatics."

"Why, Aunt Chloe, what's the matter with the young scallawag? He was always sneaking around under people's feet in the store, when he came for his father," said Reginald.

"Na, naw, I wahn't nuther, mistah," muttered the boy.

"Yo young savage! what for yo talk back to quality folks, eh?" and she aimed a cuff, which he dodged, grumbling.

"'Cause I wants to."

"'Pears to me the rascal's gettin' wus and wus ebery day. He's like a bear with a stitch in its side, and is always a-pokin' off in the corner of that ar field yonder, and lookin' clean skared to death."

"Mom, I's goin' to get some wood," he said, in a startled tone.

"Yaas, some wood, and some manners, too; I's right down shamed of you."

"Why, really, it does look as if something was the matter with the boy. He has a haunted look in his eyes, and he's afraid of his own shadow," said Estelle, reflectively.

"He was not about the store a great deal, but I cannot recall his acting strangely. He was only shy, as children generally are," remarked Reginald.

"I's just got to sit down on him and give him a fust rate lammen."

"Is that your cure?" laughed Reginald.

The boy was up to some mischief, the young man was convinced, and he was determined to solve the mystery, having just then ample leisure. During the course of the forenoon he observed that the little darky stole up to the farthest corner of the adjacent field, seemed to examine something attentively, then stopping long enough to see that the coast was clear, he would dart away, evidently much relieved.

"What in the name of all that's wonderful was the boy guarding," reflected Reginald. It was not a suitable location for a bird's nest.



"Say, kid," called out Reginald, "what are you planting in all this rain up in the field there?"

Grant started violently and turned to run, but shuffling back, answered sulkily: "Hain't plantin' nuffin'; hain't got nuffin' to plant."

"Well, you're hiding something. Miss anything, Aunt Chloe?" asked Reginald.

"No, Mistah Reginald; if I did, and Licorice Grant done gone swiped it, I'll skin him alive, I would."

"Didn't swipe nuffin', needer." But his eyes wandered with an expression of intense fear to his corner.

"Off you go for dem taters! Quick, too!" He disappeared instantly.

"Waal, now, Mistah Reginald, that you done gone called mah 'tention to it, I been a-noticin' for a while back dat somfin' is worryin' the chile. I does hope none ob dem white trash round here, I mean, dem white folks, sah, been putting mischief into my boy's head; some o' dem hain't no fit company for spectable culled citizens."

"I suppose it's some foolishness, don't bother," said Reginald, kindly.

Early in the forenoon Messrs. Carrington and Ferguson called to help La Roche get over the disappointment caused by his enforced stay. The rain kept on steadily, and it was evident that the roads would not be in a condition to secure easy traveling on the morrow. The men were discussing commerce, politics and the prospects for the coming election, while the young folks were enjoying themselves in their own way, and to their own evident satisfaction, when suddenly Edith exclaimed:

"Why, Reginald, do look over there! There must be some great attraction on the field yonder, for see Licorice, there he stands in all the rain gazing over at his favorite corner."

"I do wonder what it can be," said Estelle. "Reg, do slip up on him and try to solve the riddle, my curiosity is getting away with me."

"Well, I'll try, he's lost in thought; I think I can surprise him."

He proceeded swiftly and softly to the spot. "Grant," he said hurriedly and severely, "Grant, hark! I want to know what you're gawking at here, and don't back down, sirrah, or I'll have the sheriff here in a trice."

"Oh, Mistah Reg, fo de Lawd don't call dem cops; didn't want to stole them. I jes wanted to see 'em close," sputtered the boy. "Dem diamonds, mistah, they hain't mine nohow, you can have 'em."

Reginald staggered. "Diamonds, the boy's mad!"

"Mr. La Roche's diamonds, you know."

"Don't say another word, Grant," he panted; "don't say another word, but listen to me."

"I's a-listening," he said, trembling like a leaf.

"Mr. Ferguson, La Roche and my father, Mr. Carrington, are down there in the room."

"Yaas, mistah, but don't, don't yo tell them, don't."

"Look here, Grant, try to understand me now. Come with me."

"Down to them? Nare a time, I's goin' to run away," and he bolted, but Reginald was too quick for him. The young man held him in an iron grip, while the culprit writhed and squirmed and begged for his life.

"Shut up, kid, and listen!"—

"I don't want to hear nuffin', I wants to go. Mom, she'll skin me, lemme go!"

"No, she won't; no one will hurt you. Just you own up and tell the whole story to the gentlemen. I'll stay right with you."

"No, no, I can't! I won't!"

"All right, we'll get the sheriff and a few big cops, with their big billies. Then you're in for it. But if you come and tell the gentlemen straight; mind you, straight, all about it, no one will hurt you."

"But mom?" he panted; still wriggling, "she'll kill me."

"We won't tell her, and if you give the gentlemen straight goods, mind, no lying, don't need to try it, I can read it right in your eyes."

Lincoln Grant gasped and turned up his eyes in mortal dread.

"Not a thing will be done to you, and I'll fill both these pockets of yours with shining quarters."

"Shore and suttin, cross your heart, mistah."

"I'll keep my word, all right, never mind the crossing."

"Wa-al, but I don't like to."

"Step up, sirrah," and off the pair went.

"Here comes Reggie with a face like an avenging judge. Oh, but Licorice is in a bad plight, and striving his best to elope. Oh, Reginald, stop, do, and tell us what's the trouble," cried Estelle.

"Not now, fair ladies, it's fortunate that you are not at all given to curiosity, for this is a business transaction, and you are aware that business comes before pleasure and friendship. On our return from court, we'll call on the ladies, perhaps, and Licorice here will tell them a very interesting episode."

"No, I won't tell nuthin'!" snapped the young darky.

"Oh, Licorice Grant, is that the way you treat Edith and myself, who have always been so good to you?" remonstrated Estelle.

"Au revoir, ladies, we're in no end of a hurry." Reginald kept the boy by the arm. When the youngster heard the men's voices, he made another dash for liberty, but in vain, and in a moment a dusky little piece of humanity, dripping wet and shaking as with the palsy, was introduced to the gentlemen.



"What is come over you, Reginald? always at some prank. What are you bringing this drowned rat in, to annoy Mr. La Roche?" remarked his father, severely.

"I am sure, father, the pickaninny won't annoy him. Mr. La Roche, this youngster has a disclosure to make. Speak up, Grant!"

"But, but, I donno nuthin'," stammered the boy.

"What about that corner in the field? Tell Mr. La Roche what you buried there, Grant."

"Waal, jes for a little bit, I buried 'em. I was gwine to dig 'em out soon and fotch 'em back; but Bob Lindley got a peep at 'em yesterday, and he said"—

"So, you've got a partner in the business?" asked Reginald.

"Father, keep an eye and a hand, too, on this chap, I must give Estelle orders." and away he went to command that young lady to keep strict watch, that no one came near the famous corner.

"Speak up here, lad, what did you mean? What did you mean to bring back?"

"Why, sah, sho and sutten, I just took dem diamonds. I didn't want 'em, nohow, to keep, but"—

"Tell the gentlemen all like a soldier, Grant," urged Reginald.

"Bob, he said we'd run off Thursday and sell 'em all clear."

"What diamonds, dolt, are you talking about? Why, you would not know a diamond if you saw one," said La Roche.

"Where did you get them," asked Reginald, shaking him.

"Why, Mass La Roche dar was a studden them in the big safe, and his coat or somethin' came agin them and knocked 'em down, while he was in an awful hurry reachin' for the keys and, and—didn't notice nuthin'. So I picked 'em up and skedaddled."

"Great heavens! what a revelation!"

"But *you* noticed them, didn't you?" asked Mr. Ferguson, "and picked them up, did you?"

"Ya'as, and I put 'em in my pocket, and runned home with dad."

"Your dad knew, did he, what you had done?" asked Mr. La Roche, frowning.

"Don't you believe it, sah. I just hid 'em there in de ground; dad would skinned me."

"Are they there now? Eh?" asked Mr. La Roche, eagerly.

"Ya'as, sah, ebery one, 'cept one what Bob wanted to show some fellers, and it was a shiner, too."

"Mr. La Roche, the imp tells a straight tale!"

"But how could I have brushed them out in that way?"

"Easily enough, I imagine. Let us test the truth of this grand dis-

covery; perhaps he's inventing wonders, as he goes along," remarked Mr. Carrington.

"Wheel Mr. La Roche to the window, father; that he may see clearly all that goes on."

"Hadn't you better call Pete in from work, that he may bear witness, that there is no underhand work in this business?" suggested Mr. Carrington.

"Call him, please, Mr. Ferguson. Our captive is getting restive."

Mr. La Roche was struck dumb with amazement. He himself was the indirect cause of the loss of the diamonds, of which he had been accusing his best friends. It was lamentable.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



## **The Good Shepherd Giveth His Life for His Sheep.**



URING the Franco-Prussian war (1870-1871) many were the acts of heroism, abnegation and self-sacrifice among Priests, Brothers and Sisters. Among those thrilling episodes, there is one which deserves particular mention. Sparta and Rome have produced nothing equal to this act of Christian heroism.

A murderous fight was going on a few miles from the village of Horties. An ominous and confused noise continually startled the villagers. The air was rent by shells; the discharges of artillery were repeated by the surrounding echoes, and black columns of smoke rose in the distance.

The Priest was at the altar praying for his bleeding country. Around him, with down-cast faces, shaking with terror, were his parishioners beseeching God to protect them.

The shrill sound of trumpets and drums could now be heard; bodies of men, like dread phantoms, were hurrying forward to arrive in time for the fight. On the other hand, the Germans were massing heavy bodies of troops to crush the French. They halted a while to see where to commence the attack, and threw forward outposts to guard against surprise. This, however, did not prevent two young men to creep along from hedge to hedge within shooting distance and to fire. Four reports were heard, and, at the same time, two boys were seen running like deer, through a wheat field. Bullets whistled around their ears, but without effect as no blood was found. They were quite young, agile and bold. They were good marksmen, too, for three men had fallen under their fire, and the fourth ball had hit the eagle on an officer's helmet.

"Two-barreled shot-guns," said that officer.

Soon a detail of German soldiers was seen approaching the village.

As they entered it, they seized six of the inhabitants they first met, and took them to the mayor. The commanding officer said to the mayor: "You are here first in authority; I come to tell you in the name of my sovereign master, that the troops of his majesty have been fired upon near your village. Being the nearest to the scene of the outrage, we hold you responsible for it. You must deliver the guilty parties to us, or six of your people will be shot as an example. Be quick about it; I shall wait till tomorrow at eleven o'clock. As the execution will take place at noon, you have no time to lose. In the meantime, I will occupy your village, and I will keep these six men prisoners."

The anguish of the people was beyond description. The cries of the women were heart-rending; the men tried to escape, but were kept back by the soldiers. The people met, and it was decided to choose the victims by lot.

The two young men did not belong to the village or even to the neighborhood. They were from a distance; and had been hovering on the flanks of the column to watch for an opportunity for vengeance. Perhaps their father had been murdered, their mother had died of grief, and their home had been burned!

The day passed off in discussions, despair and groans. In vain the mayor, the Priest, Father Gerl, and two old men, more than Octogenarians, entreated the German officer to spare them; they proved to him that their people were strangers to the outrage; in vain the women fell in tears at his feet. It was all in vain. The captain was carrying out his orders with cold politeness, benevolent rigor, but without anger and insult. The six wretched men, whom fate had designated as victims, were delivered to him at five o'clock in the afternoon, and were imprisoned in the school house. The officer permitted the Priest to give to the prisoners the consolations of religion. Their hands were tied behind their backs, and their legs were also fastened with the same rope. The Priest found them in such a state of prostration that they were almost unable to understand him. Two seemed to be unconscious, and another was delirious with fear. One of them, with head upraised, calm in appearance, was a man forty years old, a widower, the father of five children in tender age and their only support.

At first he heard the words of the Priest with apparent resignation; but seized with sudden despair, he gave himself up to the most horrible imprecations. He cursed the whole creation. Then passing from despair to tenderness, he wept over his children who would be left to beg or die of want. Then he wanted his five children to be given up to the Prussians. Seized with a satanic laugh, he would exclaim: "Yes, it was little Bernard, three years old, who fired on those rascals."

All the efforts of the Priest were useless to bring peace and calm to



that disturbed soul. He left and walked slowly towards the guard-house, where he found the officer smoking his pipe. He listened to the Priest without interrupting him.

"Captain," said the Priest, "you have now in your power six hostages to be shot in a few hours. None of them fired on your men. The guilty parties have escaped; your purpose is not to punish those who have fired upon your men, but to give a warning to other localities. It matters, then, very little whether you shoot Peter or Paul, James, or John. I say, on the contrary, that the higher stands the victim the more efficacious the warning will be. I, therefore, come to ask the favor of permitting me to take the place of one of the men, the father of five small children, whose death would leave them in the deepest distress. We are both innocent, but my death will be more profitable to you than his."

"Let it be so, then," said the officer.

Four soldiers led the Priest to the place of confinement, and he was bound, like the others. The happy father embraced his Pastor, thanked him from the depth of his heart, and returned to his children, amidst the congratulations of his neighbors.

It would be impossible to describe the anguish of that awful night. However, before the return of day, the good Priest had succeeded to rouse up the spirits of his companions in misfortune. Those wretched men, stupefied by fear, had become, under the inspiration of their Pastor, glorious martyrs who drew strength from the faith of a Christian and the hope of a better life.

At eleven o'clock, a picket of soldiers appeared at the door, and the prisoners commenced their funeral march. The Priest went first reciting aloud the office of the dead. On the way the villagers fell on their knees and bade a last farewell to their Pastor.

They were nearing the place of execution, when a Prussian Major happened to come along. The sight of the Priest drew his attention. The captain explained the incident to his superior, who did not think that the thing was as natural as his brother officer did. The Major ordered a suspension of the execution, and reported the case to the General. The General ordered the Priest before him. The explanation was short. The General was a man of feeling. "Sir," he said to the Priest, "I cannot make a personal exception in your favor, and yet I do not wish to see you die. Go, then, and tell your parishioners that I forgive them all on your account. But let it be the first and last time."

After the Priest had left, the Prussian General, turning to the officers who had witnessed that scene, said: "If all the French were as stout-hearted as this simple Priest, we would not long remain on this side of the Rhine."



# St. Anthony's Department



## St. Anthony's Ever Ready Help.

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IN 1867 the church and the convent of the Conventuals at Bagnorea were ransacked from top to bottom by the hordes of soldiers who, with a fury worthy of the Iconoclasts or Vandals, profaned the altars, destroyed the pictures with their bayonets and were bent on demolishing all works of art. The statue of St. Anthony in the sanctuary had so far escaped destruction, when some of the soldiers turned their attention toward it, and made it the target for their weapons, finding great merriment in riddling it with bullets. But the punishment soon followed. A few days later the convent, which the Garibaldians had transformed into a fortress was taken by storm, as also the city by the Papal Zouaves. Countless were the dead and wounded on the side of the Garibaldians, but the most horribly mutilated, and at the very outset of the battle, were those very ones who had discharged their guns against the statue of the Thaumaturgus.

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A newspaper of Buenos Ayres published a few years ago the following incident in the life of F. Bernardine Iglesias:

"F. Bernardine, when yet a mere child, set out with the family for points in South America. The Guadalupe, on which they sailed, went down at Cape Vert. He was one of the few survivors, and his escape borders on the miraculous, and was the cause of his vocation to the religious state. At the moment when he was torn from the arms of his father by a mighty wave, he in his distress called upon St. Anthony of Padua, and soon he found himself in safety on one of the rocks, on which his unfortunate companions had encountered death. The family Iglesias out of mourning for the loss of a little daughter, and, undoubtedly, also in thanksgiving for his miraculous preservation, invested him for a year with the habit of St. Anthony, a presage of his future state, and from that day he was called "the little St. Anthony."—(Translated from "*St. Antoine de Padoue*" by Fr. G. S., O. F. M.)

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## Book Notices.

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As already announced in our last issue, the *LIFE OF ST. CLARE*, by Fr. Paschal Robinson, O. F. M., has made its appearance at the time predicted. We have seldom seen a book gotten up in such tasty style, clean-cut type and elegant binding. The numerous illustrations are

exquisite, including a photogravure (frontispiece) of the famous picture by Tiberio d'Assisi preserved at the Porziuncola, views specially taken by the author of places and scenes connected with the life of the Saint, and facsimiles of early documents, seals, etc.

THE DELPHIN PRESS (1305 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.) deserves great credit for this, its latest production, and for selling it at such a low price, viz: \$1.00; postage, 8 cents extra.

THE MONTH OF MARY: Short Meditations, Pious Practices and Prayers in Honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary for every day of the month of May. By Rev. Bonaventure Hammer, O. F. M. *Fr. Pustet & Co.*, New York and Cincinnati.—Under the above title will be published, towards the end of April, an English version of the author's German little May Book, so extensively used for public and private devotion for many years. We trust that the translation will attain even greater popularity than the original.

CAPTAIN TEDDY. By Mary T. Waggaman. 16mo, cloth, price, 60 cents. *Bensiger Bros.*, New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. The hero of this story is a Catholic College boy called suddenly home, where he finds his father a helpless paralytic and ruined by a decline in the stock market. His sturdy stand in the midst of the family disaster, his taking hold of the wrecked fortunes with a firm if unskilled hand, his love for his mother and brothers and sisters whom he tries to encourage, are truly inspiring. How he is imposed upon by tricksters, and finally saved from shame and disgrace, vindicated and placed in a position where wealth and fame await him, is graphically told.

BENZIGER BROTHERS announce the early publication of a series of *ten volumes* of "The Best Stories by the Foremost Catholic Authors." Not less than sixty-four writers will be represented in this unique collection. As the time is rapidly approaching when teachers and heads of Catholic institutions and parochial schools are looking for "Premiums" to be distributed at the close of the scholastic year, we respectfully call their attention to this announcement.

We take great pleasure in recommending THE LAMP, a Catholic Monthly devoted to Church Unity, and edited by the "Society of the Atonement" at Graymoor, Garrison, N. Y., to our readers. As mentioned in our December issue, this community of Anglican Religious was received into the Catholic Church last October, and a few days later clothed with the habit of the Third Order of St. Francis. Kindly assist them in their good work by sending your subscription, \$1.00 a year, to above address.

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—CHASTITY without charity is a lamp without oil. Take away the oil and the lamp goes out. Take away charity and chastity has no charm.  
—*St. Bernard.*



## **St. Francis Seraphicus College.**



F all the Patron Saints of the Catholic Church there is none so well represented among the students of our College as St. Joseph. Needless to say, the annual recurrence of the feast of the great Saint is hailed with delight and celebrated in a devout manner. Throughout the month the students recited fervent prayers in honor of St. Joseph, and the feast itself was observed with customary solemnity.

Several members of the "Debating Circle" are preparing diligently for a public debate, to be held before the lapse of the present month.

At this writing the annual competitions in German composition are in progress in all the classes. The result will be announced in our next issue.

The Easter-recess was of one week's duration, March 23-30. During holy-week our students participated in the impressive liturgical ceremonies at St. Francis church.

Our sincere thanks to the Rev. Fr. Godfrey Schilling, O. F. M., for several valuable additions to our Museum of Natural History.

With the approach of First Communion in the various parishes, the all-important question of vocation arises in the minds of numberless youths, and perhaps also of some of our juvenile readers. St. Francis College receives annually a goodly number of applications from such as feel themselves called to serve the Lord in the sacred ministry. At times, however, there come applications from aspirants that seem not to know the real purpose of our institution. We consider it opportune therefore, to subjoin here a few words, explanatory of the scope of our College, its purpose and essential requirements for those who would enter:

1. St. Francis Seraphic-College has for its purpose the education of young men for the sacred priesthood in the Order of Friars Minor.
2. Only such boys and young men are admitted to the institution who have the intention, or at least the positive inclination, to serve the Lord in the sacred ministry as Franciscans.
3. Poverty or nationality will never be an impediment to admission.
4. Applicants must be in good health and not afflicted with any hereditary or chronic disease.
5. Prospective students must have completed at least the ordinary grades of the parochial school, and, if required, must submit to an entrance examination.
6. They must submit a recommendation from their Rev. Pastor, or some other responsible person, vouching for integrity of character, sufficient talent and proficiency in past studies.

A "prospectus" of the College, giving ample information, can be had for the mere asking.



## Chronicle of the Order



**Rome.**—The Holy Father has recently published an interesting report, in which he gives a detailed account of the funds, amounting to 6,849,998 liras, sent to him from all parts of the globe for the sufferers of the terrible earthquake disaster in Sicily and Calabria, December 28, 1908. The pretty volume, large octavo, of 77 pages, which contains an excellent portrait of the Holy Father and numerous illustrations, is sold in support of the poor orphans who have been placed in various institutions of Rome and other places by His Holiness.

In addition to the above the Holy See has within the last few weeks issued another account of the distribution of the presents made to Pope Pius X. on the occasion of the golden jubilee of his priesthood. When the subject of celebrating his jubilee was brought to the attention of the Pope, he consented only on one condition, that the presents sent him for the occasion should be of a kind useful for poor churches. That his wishes have been abundantly realized is shown by the figures now published. The Pope has been enabled to distribute sixty thousand objects connected with the sacrifice of the altar, including over a thousand chalices, pyxes and ostensoriums. The long list enumerates vestments for High and Lowmass, humeral veils, stoles, crucifixes, candlesticks, lamps, reliquaries, thuribles, oil stocks, carpets, portable altars, tabernacles, missals, statues, Stations of the Cross, altar linen, and so on. All this treasure of sacred objects has been promptly distributed among 2,242 poor parishes, 275 missions and 505 poor religious houses of both sexes.

—(Correspondence, March 6, 1910.)—The Lenten preachers of Rome were received in customary audience by the Holy Father on Monday before Ash-Wednesday. The Friars Minor preaching in the larger churches of Rome are: Fr. Severino Mambrini, at Sta. Maria Maggiore; Fr. Norberto Guerrini, at San Carlo; Fr. Francesco Giordani, at Sant' Antonio; Giusto Trovatelli, at S. Prassede, and Fr. Bonaventura Buselli, at Santa Maria in Transpontina.

Fr. Hartmann, O. F. M., the well-known composer, has been called to Naples to direct the performance of his Oratorio, "The Seven Last Words of Christ," at the grand church of Santa Clara, March 17.

The Sacred Congregation of Rites has lately confirmed the uninterrupted veneration of Blessed Julian Cesarello of Istria; besides it approved the opening of the process of canonization of Blessed John of Triora and Blessed Bonaventure of Barcelona. Bl. Julian lived towards the end of the 13th century. Few facts of his life are known, but there is abundant material to attest his fame of sanctity and continuous veneration.

Blessed John of Triora, Martyr of China, whose body is preserved at Ara Coeli, was solemnly beatified May 7, 1900. Since then several miracles have occurred through his intercession. Also Bl. Bonaventure of Barcelona, founder of the retreat on the Palatine, where St. Leonard of Port Maurice lived and died, has been glorified by God through recent miracles. Therefore, the S. Congregation considered the documents of sufficient weight to open the process of canonization.

(Fr. H. S., O. F. M.)

—In our last issue we published a list of the dignitaries of the Order of Friars Minor under the jurisdiction of the Most Rev. Minister General Fr. Denis Schuler, O. F. M. We are now in a position to give some statistics of the Franciscan Capuchin Order for the year 1909. According to these there are now 914 Friars in the 36 foreign missions entrusted to their care, viz: Eight Bishops, four of whom are Vicars Apostolic; one Administrator Apostolic, ten Prefects Apostolic, seventeen Superiors Regular, heads of missions; 650 priests and 264 lay brothers, who are in charge of the following places:

*In Europe.*—The Vicariate of Philippopolis, the Missions of Candia, Constantinople and Cephalonia and the Prefectures Apostolic of Rhaetia and Mesauca (a part of the Ticino and the Grisons) with 129 Capuchin missionaries.

*In Asia.*—The Archdiocese of Agra, the Dioceses of Allahabad and Lahore, the Prefectures Apostolic of Rajputana and Bettiah, the Vicariate of Arabia-Somaliland and the Missions of Syria, Mesopotamia, Trebizond and Smyrna with 268 Capuchin missionaries.

*In Africa.*—The Diocese of Seychelles, the Vicariate of Gallas and the Prefecture Apostolic of Erythrea with 59 Capuchin missionaries.

*In America.*—The Vicariate of Geogira, the Prefectures Apostolic of Araucania and Caqueta and the Missions of Rio de Janeiro, Bahia, Perambuco, St. Paul, Maragnonis, Rio Grande, Chili, Venezuela, Montevideo, Columbia and Ecuador with 381 Capuchin missionaries.

*In Oceanica.*—The Prefectures Apostolic of Dutch Borneo, of the Caroline and Marian Islands and the Missions of the Philippine Islands with 77 Capuchin missionaries.

Among the institutions founded and directed by the Capuchins there are 546 churches and chapels, 482 schools, with 28,056 pupils; 39 colleges, with 2,803 students, and 76 orphanages, with 3,545 orphans, while the jurisdictions in which they labor extend over 127,307,553 infidels and heretics and 865,011 Catholics, of whom 23,700 are Tertiaries of St. Francis.—(*Franciscan Annals of India.*)

**Italy**—An official investigation of the holy relics of three Franciscan servants of God took place recently at Mantua, viz: of *Seraphin of Mantua*, who was a most perfect Religious, enjoying the special friendship of Blessed Bernardine of Feltre, and a mighty preacher, leading innumerable souls to heaven. God testified to his sanctity by many miracles during his life and after his death.

*Sistus of Milan* who, after hearing a sermon preached by the great St. Bernardine of Siena, entered the Franciscan Order, and by his wise instructions and prudent guidance led many of his brethren to a high degree of sanctity. Amongst these was the above mentioned Blessed Bernardine of Feltre, who did so much for the poor by establishing the so-called *Montes Pietatis*, places where those in need of money could obtain it on easy terms, thus saving them from the clutches of the cruel usurers so plentiful in those days.

*Bartholomew of Bergamo*, a very pious and zealous priest who worked incessantly for the spiritual and temporal uplifting of his people. All three lived in the 15th century and died in the odor of sanctity.

**France.**—Details given by a Paris paper, the *Eclair*, of the persecution of two Franciscan Capuchin Fathers in Paris, recall the worst



features of the old penal laws in Ireland. How Frenchmen stoop to such vile acts and how other Frenchmen tolerate the practices is beyond our comprehension. The charges against the two Capuchins are that, though the congregations to which they belonged were dissolved by law, they still meet in community. One of them, Father Boussard, was accused of having received some other priests at his dwelling. Detectives were put on his track. He went to buy some groceries and articles of furniture, and they followed him from shop to shop. They made and kept a record of everything he purchased. The other Capuchin, Father Cesaire, was closely watched in Paris, at Nantes and in other places. It was put forward against him as a crime that the Rev. Father Venance, who was named Paris provincial of the Order in 1908, lived with him, and his correspondence with Capuchin missionaries was set down as part of the charge which he was called upon to answer. The police told the court how many letters he received, what it cost him to live and other facts which showed the perfection of the French spy system. The decision of the court was deferred, but it is pretty certain the Capuchins will be treated as criminals.

What a glorious land of liberty is the France of our day!

**Austria.**—Great enthusiasm is being manifested in the coming *Tertiary Congress* to be held at Innsbruck, Tirol, in the first part of September, in conjunction with the seventh General Catholic Congress of Austria. The official program will be announced later on. In the meantime Tertiaries are requested to pray and work hard for the success of the Congress. The Very Rev. Provincials, Fr. Gebhard Spiegel, O. F. M., and Fr. Angelus Stummer, O. M. Cap., have consented to act jointly as honorary presidents.

**United States—Cincinnati, O.**—The Rev. Fr. Theodore Stephan, O. F. M., celebrated the 25th anniversary of his ordination to the holy priesthood on Tuesday, March 1, at St. George's church, this city, with great solemnity. Promptly at nine o'clock a solemn procession of the Rev. Clergy, the relatives and friends of the Jubilarian, and the school-children wended its way to the beautifully decorated church, where Fr. Theodore celebrated a solemn Highmass in thanksgiving for the many graces and favors bestowed on him during the 25 years of his priesthood. He was assisted by the Rev. Franciscan Fathers Vincent Trost as deacon, Venance Stephan (a brother of the Jubilarian) as subdeacon, and Justin Welk as master of ceremonies.

Besides these there were present in the sanctuary the following Franciscan Fathers: Very Rev. Fr. Provincial Eugene Buttermann; Luke Gottbehoede and Leander Schell, of St. Bernard, Ohio; Francis Solanus Schaefer, of Hamilton, Ohio; Edmund Klein, Sigismund Pirron and Egbert Fischer, of St. Francis; Philibert Allstaetter and Francis X. Buschle, of St. John's; Hilary Hoelscher, Denis Engelhard, Eberhard Huelsmann, Philip Rothmann and Eusebius Wagner, of St. George's; Stephen Hoffmann, of the Protectory, Mt. Alverno; Diomedee Pohlkamp, of St. Bonaventure's; and the Rev. F. X. Girolt, of Morris, Ind., and Herman Kemper, of Hartwell, Ohio. The festive sermon was preached by Fr. Venance, the brother of the Jubilarian, in an eloquent and effective manner. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament and the singing of the Te Deum brought the memorable service to a fitting close.

The Rev. Fr. Theodore Stephan, O. F. M., was born at Cincinnati, Ohio, March 23, 1862. After completing the elementary curriculum at St. Francis parochial school, he entered St. Francis College, from which he graduated with honor and distinction. August 26, 1878, he received the habit of the Friars Minor and made his solemn profession September 30, 1883. His ordination took place February 28, 1885, and having celebrated his first Mass at St. Francis church March 8, he was appointed assistant to the pastor of St. Mary's at Bloomington, Ill. From there Fr. Theodore was sent to Minonk to attend several missions in the diocese of Peoria. Next we see him engaged in parochial work at Emporia, Kan.; Chatham, Ont., Canada; Cincinnati, Ohio, and Oldenburg, Ind. For the last ten years he has worked hard and with evident success among the Mexicans and the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico. At the present time he is pastor of the Mexican congregation at Roswell, N. Mex., where he is planning the erection of a new church for his poor parishioners. The mother of the Jubilarian has gone to her heavenly reward some ten years ago. His father, Mr. Karl Stephan, is still hale and hearty, a regular attendant at St. George's, and faithful member of the Third Order. A sister is a religious of the Notre Dame community and stationed at Dayton, Ohio. Among the relatives present on this festive occasion, were the Misses Anna and Margaret Eibert, who had come all the way from St. Paul, Minn., to attend the Silver Jubilee celebration of their Rev. Cousin.

May the Lord in his infinite goodness and mercy grant the Rev. Jubilarian many more years of active and successful work in His vineyard!

—Died at the Provincial House of St. Clare, Hartwell, Ohio, the Ven. Sister Antonia (née Helen Rosenstein), at the age of 74 years, 43 of which she spent in the community of the Poor Sisters of St. Francis. R. I. P.

—The devotion of the "Nine Tuesdays" in preparation for the feast of St. Anthony, held annually at the beautiful chapel of the Franciscan monastery, Mt. Airy, will begin this year on April 12. Special exercises, consisting of prayers, hymns and the blessing given with the relic of the great Saint, take place every Tuesday afternoon, at 2 o'clock. All devout clients of St. Anthony are cordially invited to assist at these devotional exercises.

**Peoria, Ill.**—On Tuesday, March 15, the Venerable Brother Methodius (John Fix) departed this life at St. Francis Hospital, this city, aged about 23 years. Some five years ago he came from Olpe, Kan., and was invested with the habit of the Third Order Regular on August 15, 1905. Having served faithfully in various eastern houses of the Province of St. John Baptist, the good Brother was transferred to Metamora, Ill., where he was stricken with pneumonia, and taken to the hospital of the Franciscan Sisters, Peoria. The funeral took place at Metamora on the 18th. R. I. P.

**St. Louis, Mo.**—(Correspondence, March 15, 1910.)—On Sunday, February 27, the restored St. Stanislaus church at Cleveland, Ohio, was again used for the first time. As reported on a former occasion the church was considerably damaged by the tornado which swept over Cleveland on April 21 last. The reopening was a day of gladness for the



entire congregation; the Blessed Sacrament was exposed, and though the weather was very disagreeable, the church was filled to its utmost capacity throughout the day.

—Fathers Daniel Finkenhoefer, O. F. M., and Titus Hugger, O. F. M., of Chicago, preached a mission at South Milwaukee, Wis., from February 20-27.

—Fr. Pamphilus Stahl, O. F. M., of St. Louis, gave a retreat for the men and young men of the Holy Family Parish in St. Louis March 4, 5 and 6, and also conducted the annual retreat for the Sisters of St. Joseph in Carondelet (St. Louis) from March 10-19.

—Very Rev. Fr. Benedict Schmidt, O. F. M., Provincial, returned to St. Louis on March 13 from his visit to the houses on the Pacific Coast.  
(Fr. M. S., O. F. M.)

**San Francisco, Cal.**—The great *Passion Play*, enacted at the Coliseum, this city, just before the beginning of Lent, and witnessed by audiences which filled the vast structure to its doors, is the production of Rev. Fr. Josaphat Kraus, O. F. M., assistant at St. Boniface church. On the largest stage ever built west of Chicago, erected in the form of a central stage and two smaller flanking ones, the twenty-one acts of this impressive drama were presented. Twenty-five thousand dollars is the estimated cost of this stupendous production, which consumed four nights in its recital. One hundred characters took part, three hundred supernumeraries aided, and a chorus of two hundred voices, led by an orchestra of forty pieces, furnished the exquisite music, composed especially for this occasion by the Rev. Peter Huesges, of Red Bluff, Cal.

The scenes, pictured with utmost historical accuracy, begin with the solemn entrance of Christ into Jerusalem, followed by the agony on the Mount of Olives, the betrayal by Judas, the capture of Christ, His trial before Caiaphas and Pilate, the scourging, mocking, crucifixion, burial, the glorious resurrection and the ascension into heaven.

L. B. Jerome, describing this wonderful religious drama in the "*Rosary Magazine*" (March), says: "It made such an impression on the vast audience, breathless in their realization of its overwhelming import, that one great sigh arose from the thousands assembled, as if from one single throat. The most sublime sight of the ages—He Who died to save a world—was before their eyes, and, beyond that sigh of horror, the immense auditorium was silent as the rock-hewn tomb."

We heartily congratulate our Rev. Confrère on the marvelous success of his magnificent *Passion Play*!

**Baker City, Ore.**—The Rev. Fathers Thomas Dowling and Luke Sheehan, of the Irish Franciscan Capuchin Province, who have come to this country to establish a settlement of their Order, preached a very successful mission in St. Francis' cathedral, this city, from February 27 to March 6.

—KEEP death always before your eyes; then when it comes you will not shrink from its touch. Keep your conscience clear, and make every confession and Communion as if it were to be your last. How many have come to their duties on Saturday, and Sunday, and on Monday have departed forever from this world!





## Thanksgivings for Favors Received

are inserted in this column *free of charge*, provided the favor is clearly stated, the name and address of the sender given in full, and when received before the 15th of the month. If thanksgivings not specified are accompanied by an offering toward "St. Anthony's Bread," they will be acknowledged on third page of cover — otherwise not.

*Elizabeth, Colo., Feb. 10, 1910.* Enclosed alms was promised last spring when planting our crops, if the good St. Anthony would protect them from hail. Thanks be to God and His blessed St. Anthony! It hailed all around us, but none fell on our own crops. J. G.

*San Antonio, Texas, Feb. 12, 1910.* For the speedy granting of my petition, viz: the disposing of my house, I am very grateful to dear St. Anthony and enclose the promised alms. A. M.

*Stuart, Neb., Feb. 24, 1910.* I wish to return public thanks to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, the Bl. Virgin, St. Joseph and St. Anthony for the protection of my house from fire, and enclose alms for your poor students. J. M.

*Greeley, Neb., Feb. 28, 1910.* Enclosed, please find alms in thanksgiving for the recovery of my mother and sister from what threatened to be a very serious illness. J. H. B.

*Little Falls, Minn., March 7, 1910.* Enclosed find alms for the poor students, promised to St. Anthony for the

recovery to health of my three children, who were very sick. Thanks to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary and to St. Anthony, they are all three getting well. J. V.

*Cincinnati, O., March 3, 1910.* For the good success my husband had with his work last month, I gratefully send you an offering for St. Anthony's Bread. M. P.

*Portland, Ore., March 10, 1910.* Some time ago I sent a petition to St. Anthony's Pious Union, and promised enclosed alms and Masses, if I would be successful in obtaining a good permanent home. Thanks to the dear Saint, my request has been granted and I cheerfully fulfill my promise. E. McC.

*Stettler, Alberta, Canada, March 12, 1910.* I wish to give sincere thanks to Almighty God, through the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary, to the good St. Joseph and dear St. Anthony, for a very great and important favor obtained. I enclose an offering to St. Anthony's Bread. H. F. S.

### THANKSGIVINGS ARE ALSO OFFERED:

*For Restoration to Health:* By J. S., Hamilton, O.—G. McG., Sawtelle, Cal.—P. T. S., Calumet, Mich.—C. E. W., Louisville, Ky.—K. McL., Sandstone, Minn.—C. R., Cincinnati, O.—M. E. D., Soldiers Grove, Wis.—M. H., Pittsburg, Pa. (Mt. Oliver Station).—M. H., Massillon, O.—M. A. B., Logan, Mont.—Mrs. McH., Brooklyn, N. Y.—M. M., Cincinnati, O.—M. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.—M. K., Sligo, Ireland.

*For Obtaining a Good Position:* H. B., Norwood, O.—L. T., Denver, Colo.—M., Dorchester, Mass.—N. R. C., Carrollton, Ill.

*For Success in Examination:* H. G. C., Greeley, Neb.—T. O'C., Emporia, Kansas.

*For Recovery of Lost Articles:* M. A. M., Wenona, Minn.—C. R. G., Sidman P. O., Lovett, Pa.—M. A. M., Amarillo, Tex.—A. V. F., Soldiers Grove, Wis.—C. L. P., Cincinnati, O.

*For Successful Sale of Property:* M. M. D., Indianapolis, Ind.—M. T. M., Philadelphia, Pa.—A. G., Cincinnati, O.

—How many persons there are who never direct their intention in the morning so as to promise God to live that day for Him!

## Monthly Intentions.

For a young person in great danger of becoming a drunkard.—A good position as teacher.—A good Catholic companion.—Success in business.—Sale of a tract of land.—Conversion of a husband to the Catholic Faith.—Speedy and profitable sale of houses.—Health for a priest.—To get a home near church and school.—Peace and reunion of several families.—Grace of resignation and a temporal favor for a young person.—Success in examinations for teachers and pupils.—That a father may provide for his children.—Cure of several cases of rheumatism.—Collection of money without recourse to law.—Restoration to good health.—That a young man may fulfill his religious duties.—Restoration of eyesight.—Reappointment to a position.—Grace of a happy death.—Peace and contentment of mind.—Means to pay debts.—Conversion of many persons to the Catholic faith.—Speedy and just settlement of an estate.—Success for a traveling man.—Settlement of a law suit.—To obtain good tenants.—A safe confinement.—Recovery of a lost ring.—A poor mother.—Many special, spiritual and temporal intentions.—All intentions recommended to the "Pious Union of St. Anthony."—All intentions placed at the statue of St. Anthony in our oratory.—All readers, contributors and zealous agents of *ST. ANTHONY'S MESSENGER*.—The First Communicants.—Conversion of sinners.—The Poor Souls.

## Days of Indulgences in April.

On the 3d. St. Benedict of Philadelpho, C. I. O.

On the 16th. Anniversary of the Profession of Our Holy Father St. Francis. A Plenary Indulgence for all who renew their profession, or if legitimately prevented to receive the Sacraments on this day, the Sunday following.

On the 24th. St. Fidelis of Sigmaringia, Martyr of the Capuchin Order.

On the 28th. Blessed Lucius, the first Tertiary.

On the day of the monthly meeting for the members of the III. Order who have confessed, received, visited the church, and prayed for the Holy Father's intentions.

One other day which they might select, each month, on same conditions.

As often as they recite the Franciscan Crown or Rosary.

As often as they recite the "Our Father," "Hail Mary," and "Glory be to the Father," etc., five times for the safety of the Church, and once for the intentions of the Sovereign Pontiff.

## Monthly Patron: BLESSED LUCIUS.

## Obituary.

Of your charity pray for the repose of the soul of SIGISMUND KOEHLER, who died November 28, 1909, at Louisville, Ky., aged 28 years.—MRS. ANNIE MCGONIGLE, who departed this life at Allentown, Pa., February 7, 1910; she had been a faithful subscriber to the *MESSENGER*.—REV. JOHN O'CONNELL, Pastor of St. John's church, Attleboro, Mass., who passed to his heavenly reward February 11, 1910, after an illness of but a few hours.—GEORGE W. KRIPPENSTAPEL, who departed this life at Louisville, Ky., February 10, 1910, aged 41 years.—JUSTIN ANTHONY JARDEE, who died at Newport, Neb., March 5, 1910, aged 37 years.

When ready for the "press" we received the sad news of the death, which occurred March 25, at Peoria, Ill., of our beloved confrère, REV. HUBERT KALT, O. F. M.

May their souls and the souls of the faithful departed, through the mercy of God, rest in peace!